

Bad Ideas

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Bad Ideas

by [crabnap](#)

Summary

Their feet hit the rug at the top of the stairs. *When did we get here?* Dream loosens his grip on George now that they're on solid ground, but that's not what George wants. Fuck that shit. He swings until he's standing right in front of him, in his space, their faces close enough that he has to tip his chin up.

"Dr'm." The hand around the back of Dream's neck is more for balance than anything. He uses it to pull himself in, mouth bumping into the side of Dream's ear. "I want you to fuck me."

Well, that's not what he was intending to say.

Or, George gets horny when he's drunk, and Dream has some things to say about it the next morning.

Notes

hi hi hi everyone i have ventured into the world of writing in present tense and Holy Shit this slaps??? i can't believe i've never done it before. anyways i wanted to write sexual

tension but it felt wrong to give you sexual tension with no sex so Here You Go explicit rating i honestly had a lot of fun with this even though i'm not normally a fan of writing smut.

i hope you all enjoy it!!! i'll see you in the end note :))

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

George gets horny when he's drunk.

This is a fact well known by his uni friends and kept dead-bolted from Dream and Sapnap, which is why he refuses to let himself get drunk around them. He'll have a beer with Sapnap, maybe two, but if he feels himself getting anywhere near dizzy he feigns tiredness and locks himself in his room for the rest of the night.

This is a plan that has worked for the four months George has lived in Florida so far. This is a plan that is going horribly wrong, tonight of all nights, when Punz is over for Sapnap's birthday and he's mixing the drinks a lot stronger and a lot sweeter than George is used to and he can barely make it to the stairs to hide himself away.

It didn't begin like this. It began casual, and fun, the four of them playing poker for insubstantial sums of money at the kitchen table. Punz made rum punch and it's been such a long time since George had a cocktail that he lets himself drink two. It's Sapnap's birthday after all, and the night is warm and easy to relax into.

Punz is putting on a terrible accent as he deals that has Sapnap in near hysterics. Dream's movements are loose as he throws chips even though he hasn't had anything to drink. George feels at ease here, more so than he ever has when alcohol is involved, and maybe that's how he ends up blinking in slow motion.

Maybe it's just that damn rum punch giving him a false sense of calm, luring him into its trap.

"George? It's your turn to bet." Dream's voice is hoarse when he speaks, still recovering from a wheeze that had him doubled over the table.

George remembers his cards in front of him. "Oh. Yeah." His hands look like they belong to another body, too far away to possibly be his. "What're we playing again?"

Dream's eyebrows pinch in the middle. It would be funny if he didn't look kind of hot like that, his eyes serious and intense where they land on George.

Miles away across the table, Sapnap starts giggling. "Man, you are trashed. I don't think I've ever seen you like this, George."

"S not my fault." George drops his cards on the table, face up, but he doesn't much care to remember why that's against the rules. He gestures to the pitcher of cherry liquid on the counter. "That shit's got drugs in it, or something."

Punz laughs as he leans back in his chair. "Not drugs, George, just rum. I thought you were a big drinker back in college?"

Ugh. George cannot be bothered to tell this story right now. "Yeah." He waves his hand. "While

ago. Long time ago.”

“Okay,” Punz says. “So, you don’t drink much anymore?”

George nods, the room spins. “Try not to.” He stills his head and glares at his empty glass until it comes into focus, the ice cubes stained a pale red. “Couldn’t ev’n taste it in here. Too sweet.”

“That’s the dangerous part of mixed drinks.” That’s Dream, on his high horse as usual, his forearms toned where the warm light hits his skin. “You don’t know how much you’ve had until you’ve had too much.”

George sends him his sassiest look. “Thanks, idiot, I wasn’t born yesterday.”

A shocked laugh jumps out of Dream’s mouth. His lips are wide and pink and George kind of wants to taste them. “I’m just saying, it seems like you forgot about that. If the way you’re acting is any indication.”

He’s so annoying when he’s right. George wants to tackle him off his seat and then kiss him, and that thought catches on the corner of his brain just enough to remind him that he should be leaving. For some reason that he can’t remember, he should be locked in his room right now.

He pushes his chair back from the table. “I’m tired, I’m gonna go to bed.”

Sapnap shakes his head, grinning as he nudges Punz. “I told you man, he passes out every time. I can barely have a beer with him.”

“Rude.” George spends a while trying to make his feet sit right against the tile floor. “M not *that* much of a lightweight.”

“You kind of are,” Dream says. He stands, holding the back of George’s chair steady as he tries to get out of it. “Look at you, you can barely stand up.”

George finally makes it to his feet, and he tries his best to look like a functioning human being and not like a newborn giraffe. One of his hands grips the table with white knuckles as his head rushes violently. “I don’t r’member asking how well I can stand.” He lets go of the table, swaying only a little bit. “Maybe I sprained my ankles, Dream, did’jou ever think of that?”

“I hadn’t considered that, no.”

George sighs, satisfied. “Well, there you go.” He takes one wobbling step. “I’m going t’ bed now. Happy birthday, Sap.”

“Uh, thanks, bro.” Sapnap nods to Dream, for some reason.

George tries for a second step away from the table, but Dream’s hand falls big and warm around his bicep. “Easy, George. Let me help you up the stairs, okay?”

George huffs. He knows he needs to be alone right now, and he has his dignity to protect, but a little help up the stairs couldn’t hurt. Right? Dream’s hand is so nice just under the hem of his t-shirt sleeve and he really can’t find any reason to protest. He lets Dream take a little of his body weight and guide him out of the kitchen.

The walls slant in all different directions when they reach the dark stairs, the banister going slippery in George’s hand. Fuck, he hasn’t been this drunk since his roommate’s graduation party. It takes all of his concentration to lift a foot and aim it towards the top of the first step.

“George? You good?” Dream’s hand slides from his arm but instead of moving away he shifts closer, skimming George’s back to curl around his rib cage.

They’re pressed side to side now, Dream taking a lot of George’s weight and lack of balance, and it would be helpful if George wasn’t getting so damn hot. He can feel the palm of Dream’s hand through his shirt and it tingles, jolting straight down to his dick. That’s less than ideal.

“Mmph,” is all George can manage, trying very hard not to veer to the side and bury his face in Dream’s neck. He thinks it would be very nice in there. Maybe Dream would wrap both arms around him and press him close and George could lick his tongue out to taste Dream’s skin.

That’s a new thought. George has never really thought about Dream that way before, despite the millions of fanarts and fanfictions and fan conspiracies that suggest otherwise. It’s just a bit, really. The fans like it, and Dream likes it, and George thinks it’s funny most of the time. But he supposes Dream is attractive, from an objective standpoint, and he’s definitely hot right about now. George is barely putting in any effort as they climb the stairs one at a time, paying no mind to his feet, but Dream is somehow getting him closer to the top with every second and George can feel the hard flex of his muscles in the places they press together.

Yeah, he’s hot. George isn’t sure how he’s never seen it before. There’s just something about Dream’s presence right now, the way he’s taking charge, commanding, and it’s making George hot and bothered. He doesn’t see this side of Dream very often, used to the soft and simpy doofus that makes people relate him to a golden retriever. It’s a pretty accurate comparison most of the time, but not right now. Right now, Dream’s jaw is set in determination when George looks up at him in the dark and it’s fucking sexy.

Their feet hit the rug at the top of the stairs. *When did we get here?* Dream loosens his grip on George now that they’re on solid ground, but that’s not what George wants. Fuck that shit. He swings until he’s standing right in front of him, in his space, their faces close enough that he has to tip his chin up.

“Dr’m.” The hand around the back of Dream’s neck is more for balance than anything. He uses it to pull himself in, mouth bumping into the side of Dream’s ear. “I want you to fuck me.”

Well, that’s not what he was intending to say.

With far more speed than George can process, Dream rears his head back. “*What?* George?”

He’s screwed already, might as well double down. “I want you,” George says again. He tries to focus on Dream’s eyes in the dim hallway, tries to stare the meaning into him. “Fuck me. Right now, please.”

Dream’s hands, so sure before, now flutter at George’s arms. “Uh, George, you are way too drunk for this. I don’t think you can make good decisions right now.”

“Yes I can.” Why does Dream have to be such a spoilsport? George tips closer, eyes on those pink lips. “I’m not too drunk t’ see how fucking hot you are. Your hands, your *mouth*. God, I wanna see what you could do to me-“

“Christ, George.” Dream braces his hands on George’s chest, holding him back. “Alright, I’m gonna make sure you get into bed safe, and then I’m leaving. We can talk about this when you’re sober, okay?”

Damnit. Why does he have to be such a good person?

“Boring,” George says, but he lets Dream lead him into his room anyway. His bed awaits, soft and appealing, and he flops into it immediately. He’d really rather get fucked into the mattress right now, but a nap wouldn’t be terrible.

“Goodnight, George,” Dream says.

George scowls at him even as his eyelids droop. “Wh’tever. Goodnight.”

He’s asleep within seconds.

—

Good god.

George’s head is absolutely thundering when he wakes up, but that’s not the worst part. The worst part is that he remembers.

‘Fuck me.’

‘Your hands, your mouth...’

Jesus Christ. The embarrassment is bad enough that it almost supersedes his headache, makes him smash his palms against his eyes to block out the world. Maybe he can hide here forever. Maybe Dream got blackout drunk after George went to bed and he won’t remember a thing. Maybe it was all a nightmare and none of this ever happened.

No, that would be too easy. George stumbles down to the kitchen and Dream remembers, George *knows* he remembers, he can see it in his eyes. He seems kind, though, at least there’s that, passing George his buttered toast with a warm smile and a sneaky Aspirin next to his water cup.

“You want some bacon, George?” he asks, facing the stove, his back to the breakfast bar.

George musters up a scrap of dignity. “No, thanks.”

“You sure? Grease is good for a hangover.”

Sapnap snickers from the pantry.

George’s ego is bruised enough, he doesn’t need this on top of it. “I’m not hungover.”

Dream turns to look at him with his eyebrows raised. “You sure about that?”

“Yes.” He meets his eyes, ignoring the way his pulse thumps in his throat.

“So...I can take this Aspirin back?”

Dream reaches for the pill, all innocent and shit, and George is reminded of the nauseous pinging between his temples. He slaps his hand down on the Aspirin and slides it toward him, a little too protective.

“No.”

Dream says nothing, but the smirk on his face is enough.

Sapnap slams the pantry door extra hard when he re-emerges into the kitchen, and it cuts through the back of George's eyes and makes him wince, and he and Dream laugh like it's just the funniest thing. George guesses he should be grateful they're making fun of that, when there's something much, *much* worse they could be memeing him for.

By the fact that he hasn't said anything yet, George assumes that Sapnap doesn't know. Apparently Dream is just a gentleman like that. He doesn't know how that makes him feel.

George hasn't taken the time to assess how he feels about any of this yet, but if he had to pick an emotion, it would probably be...gratitude. Yeah. He's grateful that Dream didn't let him kiss him, or worse, because that would have been embarrassing as fuck. George doesn't like him like that, anyways, he just got drunk and latched onto the first person he saw. It could happen with anyone.

George tries to imagine if he could get drunk enough to want to fuck Sapnap. The answer is a resounding no. He drops that line of thinking – it's not helpful right now.

“So, George,” Sapnap says, chewing bacon with his mouth open, “how'd your night go?”

George huddles over his toast. “I fell asleep right after the poker game, you know how my night went.”

“Yeah, well, you weren't exactly *with* us when that happened. How much of a lightweight *are* you? When Dream got back from helping you he said you were drunk out of your fucking mind, dude. He also said you were being a *handful*, whatever that means.”

George looks up, mortified. “I was not– well, I wasn't *that* drunk. And I'm not a...a *handful*.”

He swallows.

Sapnap puts his hands up and backs off. “His words, not mine.”

And Dream is *smirking*. They make eye contact and George blushes like a fucking lunatic, because more humiliation is definitely what he needs right now, and this is just the best. He doesn't even know why he's blushing. He shouldn't be. It's probably just the shame, running hot under his skin, because who on earth makes a shitty pass at their *best friend*?

Drunk George, apparently, which is why he is never drinking around anyone ever again. He needs to keep that shit on lockdown. He'll go stone-cold sober, if he has to, it's not like he needs alcohol in his life anyways. All it's ever gotten him is awkward handjobs in club bathrooms, and that is not his idea of a good time. It has also, now, gotten him the most embarrassing morning of his life.

George realizes that he's been zoning out, and the area he's been staring at blankly happens to be Dream's hands as he chops potatoes for hash browns, and Dream is looking at him with one corner of his mouth cocked up. Oh fuck.

George clears his throat. “So, uh, are we doing anything today? Like, do we have any...plans?”

“Not that I know of,” Dream says. “Why?”

“Just wondering.” He struggles to swallow a bite of toast. The aspirin is helping his head, but he's still kind of nauseous.

“I was thinking of going skateboarding,” Sapnap says. “You wanna come?”

“Um, I think I’ll pass.”

Sapnap nods like this is expected. “Okay. Dream? Nevermind— I know you won’t come. I guess I’ll just have to go all alone.” He pouts like a little kid, rounding his L’s into W’s.

“Sorry, Sap, you know I don’t like the skate park.” Dream tosses his potatoes into an oiled skillet, making them spit and crackle.

“I know. It’s fine, I just like making you feel bad.”

Dream scoffs. “Alright then. Well, I guess it’s just you and me this afternoon, George.”

George pretends to find his toast very interesting. He didn’t think about that. Maybe he should go with Sapnap after all, even though he hates skateboarding, just so that he doesn’t have to be in the house alone with Dream. Not that it scares him, or anything. Not that he’s worried anything will happen. It’s just less than ideal, after last night. It’s awkward.

Sapnap looks between them, sensing the tension because for some reason he’s the most socially aware person George has ever met, but he doesn’t say anything about it. “Maybe when I get back we can all watch a movie or something. I’ll only be gone a couple of hours.”

“Sounds good,” George says, so they don’t just sit in silence. “I need to do some laundry today, but that’s about it.”

“That’s a good idea, maybe we can do it together.” Dream swings his dish towel over his shoulder as he leans back on the counter, and he’s looking at George like...*something*, and George— no. He did not just think Dream was hot. There’s no way that happened, he must have misread the rush in his stomach. It’s probably just nausea, because he’s hungover, mixing with the deranged thoughts of Last Night George. Everything is fine.

Except for the fact that they have to do laundry together, all alone, and his life is going to end today.

George nods meekly. He is so fucking screwed.

—

After Sapnap leaves, everything is normal for approximately twenty minutes. George doesn’t realize how much of a gift those minutes are until they’re gone.

He’s standing in front of the washing machine, shaking out his balled-up dirty socks before he throws them in, when a presence approaches him from behind.

“Hey, George.”

He freezes, sock in hand, as Dream’s body heat seeps into his back. They’re not touching, not quite, but the fabric of his hoodie meets resistance every time he shifts. The laundry room is small, but it’s not this small. This is not a necessary closeness.

George pulls in a slow breath. “Dream?”

“Are you feeling better today, George?” Dream asks before George can ask him what he’s doing.

“Uh– yeah, I– I’m fine.”

A hand appears in George’s field of vision, pressing into the edge of the washing machine, and George could feel that Dream was close but seeing it is an entirely different thing.

“Is...everything? Feeling better?” Dream asks, and George has no idea what that means, and there’s this ledge in his voice that George is afraid to look over the side of.

“Um, I don’t–“

“Well, you just seemed like you were having an issue,” Dream’s other hand ghosts his hip, “last night, and I was wondering if that was...resolved.”

Oh. They’re talking about this now. Here, in the laundry room, while George stares slack-jawed at the wall in front of him.

“I was drunk,” he tries, his voice strained, “I didn’t know what I was doing.”

“*Really...*” Dream drags the word out, using that tone that’s low and dangerous and all too hot– no, *cocky*– and when he grabs George’s waist a little too harshly George’s breath comes barreling from his lungs. “It seemed to me like you knew *exactly* what you were doing.”

“I wasn’t– I don’t–“ George grips the sock in his hand tight enough to make his skin sting– “I get horny when I’m drunk. Okay? That’s all it was.”

Dream pauses, his breath shifting George’s hair. “You get horny when you’re drunk?”

“Yes.”

He can feel eyes on the side of his face and when he turns to look up he only makes it half a second before he has to whip his head back around, a mortified flush bursting on his cheeks, because Dream’s smirk is sharp enough to flay him and looking into his eyes from this close makes his brain deep-fry.

George leans his hips forward into the washing machine, and that’s when he realizes. Oh, god – he realizes.

He’s fucking hard.

What the hell is happening to him?? It’s like last night all over again, somehow, and *this isn’t supposed to happen*, he’s supposed to be a normally functioning human being after he sobers up. Maybe he’s still drunk. That would make a lot more sense.

Dream is chuckling now, low and deadly, and George isn’t breathing right.

“Okay, then tell me this, George.” He presses his toned chest flush against George’s back. “If this was just because you were drunk, then why was it only *me*?”

George clenches his teeth, resisting the lunatic urge to grind his hips back into Dream’s body.

“‘*Fuck me, Dream,*’ that’s what you said. You couldn’t stop talking about how hot I was. You were staring at me all night across the poker table.”

George makes a dissenting noise, but he has no grounds to deny it. He said those things. He stared, even if he didn’t realize it at the time, even if it makes him want to dig a hole in the floor and die in it.

“I think, maybe, you just have the hots for me,” Dream says, and *laughs*. It’s so cocky, it makes George want to throw him against the wall and devour— no, *punch* him, makes him want to scream and kick and *rut against this goddamn washing machine*.

Jesus Christ, he’s becoming an animal. He needs to get out of here fast, before he does something without thinking, before Dream realizes just how accurate his jokes have become.

“Maybe,” George says, sliding to the left, biting back an honest-to-god moan as his hips move against the washing machine, “you’ve just gone crazy. I think your ego has gone to your head. You have a warped sense of reality.”

Dream lets him go as he pushes himself away.

“Have you thought about that, Dream? I don’t think you have. You should consider it, probably, put it on your idea board or whatever you used to come up with this insane theory.” He’s babbling now, but he’s getting away, out of the room and yelling over his shoulder as he books it down the hall. “This is embarrassing for you! I’m gonna tweet that you’re just as dnf-crazy as the fans at this point!”

Hot, bothered, a little bit deranged, George makes it to his room and shuts the door behind him tight. The room practically spins as he collapses onto his bed, panting, and he’s so hard it hurts but he is *not* jerking off right now. He’s not doing that. No amount of blue balls could force him to do that.

It’s his best friend, it’s *Dream*, and he’s having heart palpitations trying to wrap his head around the implications of this – that last night, and in the laundry room, and right *now*, George wants him. He wants to kiss him so hard he bites his mouth clean off. It’s terrifying. There is not enough blood going to his brain. He’s on his feet before he realizes what he’s doing.

Woah, stop. He’s like a coiled spring and he’s itching for the door handle, wanting more than anything to go back out there and find him, but he can’t. He *can’t*. It’s a terrible idea. The worst one he’s ever had.

Just as George is about to chain himself to his dresser, he hears it. Footsteps. Dream’s footsteps, coming towards his room, and he swallows panic because he knows he won’t be able to hide it if Dream opens that door right now, knows he’ll give himself away in milliseconds.

But the door never opens, and the footsteps stop, and Dream’s voice is nothing like before when he speaks through the wall. “George, hey. I wanted to apologize, I misread the situation and I would never want to make you uncomfortable. Ever.”

George trembles in place. This is not what he needs. This is the exact worst time for a conversation like this.

“I’m so sorry. I feel awful. I understand if you—“

And before he can process what he’s doing George whips open the door, yanks Dream inside, and gripping his shirt like a lifeline he stares into Dream’s eyes from far too close up. “Fuck me.”

His voice comes out desperate, grating, and his hard-on is painfully obvious where it’s pressed between their bodies.

Dream stares at him for a second. And then he’s moving.

He turns him around, slams him against the door, his cheek against the painted wood. Dream’s

hands come around his body to his stomach, his chest, pressing them flush together, and George's brain can't catch up long enough to register anything but the places they connect, the places he's on fire.

"You're a bitch. You know that, George?"

George can only make an undignified sound in response.

Dream pants into his hair. "You let me get in my head, all guilty and everything, coming to apologize and beg for your forgiveness when you were here," he clamps down on George's hips, "hard for me, and hiding it like a dirty little secret."

"I—"

"No. No talking from you. I can't believe this." Dream digs a hand into his hair, pulling it back until his head hits Dream's shoulder. "You're lucky I'm fucking whipped for you. I could be a lot less gentle if I wanted to."

And— *oh*. Dream dives into the soft skin of his neck, moving his mouth slow and deep and it's warm and a little wet and George's breath catches because he's *tingling*. Everywhere, all at once, his nerves firing over and over until they burst and he's rolling his head back to give Dream better access.

The hands on his hips are holding him up now, holding him against Dream, whose dick is pressing hard to his ass and the thrill that goes through George when he realizes this is nothing short of delicious. He grinds back and Dream shudders against his neck.

"*Fuck*. Fuck you. I actually hate you, George."

And it's funny, George realizes. It's funny that Dream thinks he has any control in this situation, when George *knows* he would do anything for him. He's known it for years, even if he used to think it was nothing but platonic.

He grinds back again, spins around when Dream's grip slackens, and in one fluid motion he pushes Dream backwards onto his bed. Dream gasps out a breath, caught off guard, and George is on him before he can even raise his head.

"Hate me, do you?" George straddles his hips, grinding down, making Dream throw his head back against the mattress. "For some reason I have a hard time believing that."

"*George*— oh my god."

Dream reaches down to grip his ass, sliding past his sweats and boxers to find warm skin, and it would be vulgar if it weren't so fucking hot. George leans down on his elbows until they're sharing the same heated breath.

"Dream." It's a gasp more than anything.

"George."

Dream's lips are pretty from up close and so very red, like they're blushing along with his cheeks, and his hazy eyes flick down George's face and back up again.

George pants into his mouth and kisses him.

He registers dimly that this is the first time they've done this, one thought lost in a sea of dizzy static as they pull each other close enough to hurt. Dream's lips are warm and kind, despite the scratch marks on his ass, pushing and pulling so softly against George's mouth that he loses his breath and any coherent thought that he has ever possessed. The kiss is deep, and slow, a disorienting contrast from the way Dream grinds filthily against him.

When he pulls back, he's dazed. Dream stares up at him with these glossy eyes that are equal parts awe and hunger and George decides here and now that this is his element: Dream underneath him, hands on his ass, staring at him like he's something to be worshiped. This is where George thrives more than anywhere else. He's never felt better.

"I want you to kiss me like that again," he says, sliding Dream's shirt up his warm stomach, "and then you're going to make me come so hard I can't speak."

And Dream doesn't waste any time. He flips them over, George's breath punching from his lungs when he hits the mattress, and then they're kissing again and it's soft and warm but so much *filthier*, too, Dream's hips so strong where they bruise him into the bed. George's shirt goes over his head before he can comprehend what's going on and then Dream is sitting up to pull his off as well, his bare chest heaving, so toned and beautiful that George has to sit up and taste it.

Dream lets out a breathy sound. George licks up one pec, loving the way it puffs out from Dream's chest, and he wants to bite into it and he does.

"*Jesusfuckingchrist.*" Dream gasps, his hand snapping up to the back of George's head.

"Good or bad?" George asks, licking over the indents from his teeth.

"G-good, good. I just didn't think you'd— Jesus Christ, George."

George grins, does it again, feeling like he's won the lottery when Dream moans and grinds down in his lap.

"Good to know," George muses, observing the way Dream's thighs shake.

"Shut up, you're such an— where's your cock, idiot?"

Dream fumbles at George's waist, realizes quickly that he can't get his pants off while he's on top of him, and ducks and rolls so that George is laying between his thighs.

"Where's my cock? What kind of a question is that? Where do you expect my c— *ah.*"

Dream, suffice to say, has found his cock. He holds him in one hand, thumbing over the slit, while with the other he tugs George's pants and boxers down roughly, using his feet to get them the rest of the way off. It's rushed and ungraceful but George doesn't give a shit, can't even muster up the wherewithal to help because *Dream's hand is on his cock* and he's not going to last. Oh, *fuck*, he is not going to last.

"Dr— *ah*, holy fucking shit." He squirms in Dream's hold, being a nuisance because whenever he grinds down Dream's hand gets stuck between their hips, but Dream is stroking him for all he's worth like this is some kind of new extreme sport he's determined to get good at. George supposes that it kind of is.

They roll over again, George on his back now, and if his heart wasn't pulsing in his dick he might have come up with something snarky to say. He likes to think he would have. At this point, though, he's too gone to say anything other than a string of curse words, punctuated by Dream's name and

porn-star level moans that he'll be embarrassed about when he gets his mind back.

Dream looks down at him, hungry, watching it all unfold. His hair is falling down around his face and he's bright pink, his cheeks and chest and those fucking lips, and this isn't fair at all because despite all that he looks like he could still form coherent sentences if he tried. George reaches down with his last bit of desperate sanity, scratching at Dream's hips until he catches a waistband, and Dream understands well enough to slow down so George can reach in and find his dick.

The moan Dream lets loose would be enough to make George come if the hand on his dick was still moving, but mercifully, Dream has stopped to tremble above him.

"You like that?" George asks, embarrassed how it comes out more like a whine in his throat, like he's begging Dream to say yes.

"God— yes," Dream stutters, "I can't— I'm gonna come so fucking fast, George, you're like—" George strokes him, just once, and Dream moans again like it's being ripped from his throat. "You're going to actually kill me. Your hand, it's like— it's the only thing I can fucking feel."

That sounds like a challenge.

"Oh yeah?" George asks, and leans up to kiss him for all he's worth.

Dream whines into his mouth, all hot and wet and way too messy to be a proper kiss, and it's George's favorite thing in the whole damn world. He starts to stroke Dream again, making his whole body jitter, and Dream starts to move his own hand as if by reflex.

Fuck, fuck. That makes it so much harder for George to feel like he's calling the shots here, because now his head is thrown back and Dream is panting into his neck and they're both moaning their little heads off, a couple of fucked out idiots who don't know which way is up. At least they still have their motor skills intact, jerking each other off like their lives depend on it, and before George knows it his stomach is tightening impossibly, white heat consuming him from his groin up to his throat, and at some point Dream bites into the skin of his neck and then they're both spilling all over each other.

George's ears ring as he comes down, chest sticky and heaving against Dream's.

"Holy fucking shit." It's more air than sound.

Dream presses his open mouth to George's throat, breathing hard. "Oh my god."

He catches his breath for a few seconds. "Dream." He finds Dream's back, hands a little numb, and holds onto him. "Oh my god, Dream."

"I know." Dream noses up until they can look at each other, a bit cross-eyed from the proximity and still huffing in each other's faces. He laughs a little. "We just jerked each other off."

George blushes, hides his face between Dream's cheek and the bed. "Yeah, we did."

"Did you have as good a time as I did?" Dream strokes up and down his side and George can tell that he's grinning, can hear it in his voice.

"You fucking idiot."

Dream laughs and pulls back to look at him again. "It's a genuine question. Did I do a good job, George? Did I make you come so hard you couldn't speak?"

It's a callback, and it's embarrassing – leave it to Dream to remember all the mortifying shit he says in the heat of the moment. But he has to give it to him, at least a little bit, because George doesn't think he's ever come that hard in his entire life.

“You...did an adequate job.”

“*Adequate?* You fucking suck, George.”

“Okay, fine, fine. You did a *very* adequate job.”

Dream looks unimpressed. George just smiles and nods. Baby steps, okay? He has his dignity to protect.

“Fine, I guess I'll take it. Don't know why I ever expected more from you.” And Dream sounds annoyed, but he's running his palm up and down the plane of George's chest and looking at him like he hung the fucking moon, which kind of ruins the effect.

George rolls his eyes. “Stop being such a baby. I'll feed into your praise kink next time, okay? Freak.”

“Next time?” And Dream is beaming, and he's really done it now. “You like my services enough to be a second-time customer, George? You gonna subscribe for the special VIP perks? I'm not cheap, George, I'll have you know.”

“You're cheap for me, I'm telling you that right now.” George rolls onto him, still so sticky and hot, but it feels like heaven to lay across Dream's chest even like this. “How's this for a deal? I get all of the VIP perks for free, plus a lifetime membership, also for free, and you get the privilege of hearing me call you a good boy.”

Dream, to his credit, manages to keep his jaw from dropping all the way to the floor. It's still pretty undignified, though, the way he blushes bright red, his mouth halfway between shock and a smile. “A lifetime membership, George? You like my dick that much?”

“I happen to like the person attached to the dick as well, idiot – so, yes.” It's ballsy, and George's heart pounds a little, but Dream just tackles him into a hug.

“George,” is all he says, face smushed into his neck, and George laughs and laughs.

Maybe he should get drunk more often.

End Notes

you know i had to include the dritties

so it seems that i have an obsession with george asking for things he doesn't know he wants. he's just such a clueless idiot i love him for that, just like me fr. did you all enjoy this one?? i really hope you did. you can let me know by leaving a comment or kudos because they restore my life-force and i really really love to hear what you have to say, even if it's just a quote or a part that reminded you of something random, maybe a line that reminded you of a dream you had last night about a sexy jungle safari. just me? ok.

EN-EE-WAYS i love you all so very much for being here, i owe you all free ice cream for getting me to 1k on twitter. i am still reeling from that. thank you thank you thank you and i'll see you all again soon! <3

my [twitter](#)

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